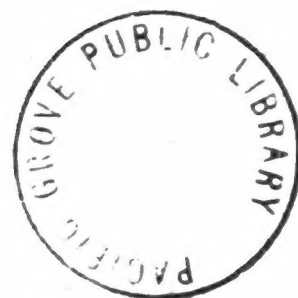


PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

APRIL 19, 1935



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A SCIENTIST**

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Installments of "Twenty-Eight Years in a News
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CONTENTS

Notes and Comments	181
Statement by the Editor	181
Lincoln Steffens Column	183
Healthy Signs in the Schools, by Anna Linden	184
A Painter Enlightens a Scientist, by D. T. MacDougal and Paul Dougherty	184
Relief Beef, verse by Frances Kroese	186
A Hearstian Analysis of Wages, by Grant Cannon	187
Music, Edited by Sidney Robertson	189
The Theater, by Winthrop Rutledge	190
Books	
Winter in Taos, by Mabel Dodge Luhan. (Reviewed by Una Jeffers	191
The Great Depression, by Lionel Robbins. (Reviewed by Harry Conover)	191
Correspondence	192
Our Contributors	II

NOTES AND COMMENT

RECENTLY in Gallup, New Mexico, an unemployed miner and his family were threatened with eviction from their home. A number of fellow-miners tried to help the unemployed family to keep its home. The authorities came in with their usual violence, and in the ensuing mêlée a sheriff and a miner were killed and another miner has since died of wounds. A fire siren summoned 250 American Legionnaires who were deputized to patrol the streets. First reports stated that the dead miner was the one who killed the sheriff.

Now, under an old statute dating back to New Mexico's territorial days, forty-nine miners and unemployed have been indicted for murder, the little town of Gallup is under martial law, and the prisoners are being held incommunicado without bail. The A. C. L. U. lawyer, A. L. Wirin, sent down to investigate the case, has been denied access to them. He reported: "There is not a lawyer within sight."

Understanding the class justice that has developed under the mask of democracy in America, it is easy to know that the men and women charged with murder are the more courageous and militant workers who do not believe in starving without putting up a fight for their families.

In California ten thousand acts of vigilantism and organized hooliganism have taken place and not one vigilante has been imprisoned, not even when they committed murder, as in the San Joaquin Valley. It is certainly up to those liberals who still have delusions as to "impartial justice" and who want to believe that this can be obtained under capitalism, to do their utmost to see that it is obtained in Gallup.

CHESTER ROWELL, a little non-plussed by the obvious truth and simple sincerity of an editorial in the *Western Worker* explaining his misconceptions in his *Chronicle* column, counters with one of those fiery blanket indictments which do so much more to show up the misunderstanding of the indicter

than to give an objective picture of what he is against. The weapons of Communism, he says, are "murder, robbery, atheism, falsehood and the abolition of liberty". We suggest to Mr. Rowell that he go over the files of his own newspaper and read the reports of his own reporter, Clifford Fox, at the time of the cotton strike and the other agricultural strikes in California. Or the reports of the Industrial Association's men after the open hearings before the Arbitration Board. They were "astounded" at the wretched and intolerable conditions under which seamen and marine workers lived and worked. They "had no idea". It was "awful". Does that sound as if the workers "robbed" the shipowners?

The position of the migratory workers in California needs no new description. In hovels and tents, with no sanitation and frequently under disease conditions, they pick crops at fifteen to twenty cents an hour. Growers and shippers have acknowledged they have made amazing profits the last year or two, especially in the Valley of Green Gold, the Salinas lettuce area. The profits were so huge that they refused to show their books to the Monterey Industrial Relations Board. Yet the Filipino pickers were clubbed off the ranches and their shacks burned when they asked for a raise for picking lettuce.

The Sacramento trials were carried on in an atmosphere of lies and perjury on the part of the prosecution; every word the Communist leaders spoke was vouched for or backed up by long processions of working men and women from the agricultural valleys who had seen and heard the Communist leaders speak. How many Communists has Mr. Rowell known intimately? How many Communist meetings does he attend? Why not find out first, before misreporting in the *Chronicle*, that Communists abhor violence and robbery; that no murder has been committed by any Communist in any strike, though dozens have been murdered by police troops and vigilantes; and that Communists fight for liberty unendingly while employers' organizations take up arms daily—or get their hirelings to—in the interests of the suppression of liberty, on the picket line, in lecture halls, at street meetings, on university campuses.

The Capitalist press should really study facts a little.

JUDGE DAL M. LEMMON has denied bail to the eight defendants awaiting appeal in their frame-up conviction. The defendants went around making speeches, and they told the truth. And that spoils the picture of a Communist, doesn't it? So they were denied bail.

A STATEMENT BY THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IT BECOMES necessary to re-state with renewed emphasis that *PACIFIC WEEKLY* is not a Communist magazine. I am in complete editorial control of the magazine, with a now and then reluctant suggestion on the part of my associate editors.

I am not a Communist.

I do not belong to the Communist Party.

I have never read Marx and I am yet to be convinced that I

should in order more clearly or sanely to deal with the problems that face us today in the United States.

I am glad that I do not live in Russia today. I have almost convinced myself that perhaps twenty years from now I will prefer living in Russia to living in the United States.

I am glad that I do not live in Russia today because I am not morally strong enough to bear up under the strain of the social transition which is going on there. I am willing to admit that I have not completely the courage of my convictions. I am more comfortable in America today than I would be in Russia today. I am perhaps eating better and living safer. I have not the strength to make the sacrifices necessary as my personal contribution to what I believe is a stupendous ideal and one that in its final realization will mean the complete rejuvenation of human society and eternal peace on earth.

But in twenty years from now I believe that that ideal will be so nearly realized that Russia will be a far more comfortable place to live than my own country which persists in facing wrong, despite all its own repeated failures; which harbors and fosters an iniquitous system because the beast, then young, tame and harmless, was presented to it by revered forefathers.

I believe that the capitalist control of my country is surely driving it into a revolution far more bloody than that Russia has experienced, far more terrible than any of the exaggerated pictures of Russia provided us by the Hearst press. I know that repeated and persistent trampling on the rights, on the privileges of the workers of this country; repeated and persistent efforts to force down the wages of labor; repeated and persistent persecution of labor in its battle for a happier existence, will some day dash my country into the hell of a terrible revolt, and just as I don't want to be in Russia today, I don't want to be here then.

But while my country's horror will be caused by the ravages of capitalism, Russia's so-called horror today is the growing pains of a proletariat seeking to give to the people life that is theirs by right. I realize that many of those very people are suffering in this transitory period; I know that injustice is done; I know that cruelty exists there. But I pride myself on a broadness of view that lets me see the great picture from end to end, far into the background.

I would like to help save my country from the growing pains of that horror if I can contribute in my small and humble way an understanding and an appreciation of the vastness of the thing.

I believe that we should not have to travel through the morass that may be Russia today, that certainly was Russia ten years ago.

If the un-thinking, the narrow, the intolerant, the bigoted, the senseless patriotic men and women of America cannot see the picture as I see it; cannot comprehend the great ideal as I feel I can comprehend it, certainly they can take the picture of Russia with all the horror and blood and terror Mr. Hearst puts into it, and determine that it shall not be repeated here.

There is only one way to prevent that, and let me make Mr. Paul Smith, financial editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, my spokesman now. Perhaps the American Legion will withdraw from my sector and devote its attention to Mr. Smith. This is what he says:

There is a communist party in America. Just how many members it has is not immediately important. Whatever the number, it is relatively small, insignificant. The party is not the menace. The party's agitators

are not the menace.

The potential menace lies in the nature of conditions that enable the party to grow, its fringe of sympathizers to expand and its agitators to command an audience.

This menace is not going to develop into a reality in America unless economic recovery is too long delayed. If economic recovery is so long delayed that the present system is again brought to the verge of disaster, then there will be a communist menace, and a very real one.

If, instead of economic recovery, the American population is duped by stupid politics into believing in wild promises and unhealthy palliatives which not only do not constitute either recovery or reform but which actually hinder recovery, hamper true reform and presage ultimate collapse; then, again, the communist menace will become a reality.

The communists know this. The business community and present day politics should wake up to what the communists already know.

The communists know that tossing a few idealistic kids in jail here and there is not reaching the real root of the problem. The communists know that anti-Russian ballyhoo is not reaching the real root of the problem as it exists in America.

And now that I have quoted the financial editor of the Chronicle, let me go to the other extreme and quote Mr. John Strachey. The two men apparently have much in common.

I deny categorically the familiar charge that Communists advocate violence. On the contrary. Communists, like all other sane and responsible persons, abhor violence and desire passionately that the unceasing violence which now wracks the world and bids fair to destroy human civilization itself should be abated and then abolished... The capitalists themselves have loosed an unrestrained violence upon the workers. Communists believe that to fail to warn the workers of this indubitable fact of experience is to deceive and betray them.

Of course, Paul Smith knows enough to know that there is no hope for economic security and peace under the capitalist system. Hundreds of years have proved this. Even our periods of prosperity are now admitted to have been actually hallucinations and fakes, lifting us higher only to tumble us farther. He also knows enough to know that he can't say that in the San Francisco Chronicle; that he can't say the only out for us is the complete annihilation of a system that has failed even in the hands of the most expert men and, in many cases, the most sincere and honestly devoted to the welfare of the country.

And Mr. Strachey knows that the time is coming, unless something definite and drastic is not done to prevent it, when there will be violence on the part of the workers of his country and of ours. Whether they call themselves socialists, Communists or just plain laborers, they are going to fight someday unless our patriots quit talking nonsense and practicing persecution.

I am editing PACIFIC WEEKLY as valiantly as I can, sometimes as bitterly as I can, in the fervent hope that perhaps I may do something about the future; reduce its flow of blood, not increase it.

Calling me a Communist arouses not my anger, but my pity.

—W. K. BASSETT

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

A STRIKE was actually settled by arbitration at Salinas in this one county last year, to our utter humiliation; I said there wasn't enough reason to do anything with, the labor-capital war must be fought out. But Allen Griffin had insisted that reason and impartiality prevailed in Monterey, if nowhere else. So he got his friends among the growers and the supervisors at Salinas to give him one fact, just one little instance of capitalist reason to cite on his poor empty side. It caused a terrible rumpus, anything so sensible was unprecedented and unnatural around here. But his distress and his pull were so extreme that those farmer-business-politicians yielded and did it; they made peace without shooting their workers. I was defeated till a few weeks ago the Imperial Valley came up here to ask our farmers to shut out this reason business, break their contract and resort to the violence so much nearer to our human nature. And it looked for awhile as if we would play in with the peaceful farmers and bankers and shippers of Imperial Valley. It really did and I got ready to rejoice, when there appeared a voice of reason, fear and protest in the Monterey Peninsula Herald. That is Allen Griffin's paper, you know. There was that one blast of Griffin's cold sweat, then—well, then there was a resumption of that unnatural peace and reason in Salinas. I saw Griffin; he didn't say an intelligible word. He seemed to feel that Americanism had prevailed, not because of any one man, but as a matter of course by the terms of a contract. A contract between capital and labor. I have to take it, and Imperial Valley, too, and we do. We shut up and submit; we've got to, but I want those sterling big ranchers of that rich valley to know that I am with them in their feelings, I also feel shamed, licked (for the present) and so wronged.

NO, BUT this is too much. Just when we get those arrogant, half licked Germans down at Stresa, the Japs turn up with loads of cheap goods, cheaper than we can make them. We'll have to fight that. No one can pay lower wages than the Japanese, no one can live on less.

THE LEGISLATURE should heed the threat of Charles G. Norris to sell and move out of this state if his income is taxed or confiscated here. Why can't the representatives of the people find some way to go on taking all we need out of the poor and the undeserving poor? They can't move. Why not add a little to that Sales Tax? That is almost unnoticeable. Everybody has to pay it alike, rich and poor, and it's democratic to treat the rich and the poor alike. I begin to think that we all made a mistake voting for Merriam; he is all right in some narrow ways, but like Hearst, I can almost look toward Upton Sinclair with yearnings. Upton proposed to make the poor earn their own way; he would never have robbed US.

STANLEY BEAUBAIRE, a student ex-editor of the Stanford Daily, has made a success of life and in journalism, which the President and Regents can set up to the younger students as an example. Beaubaire used to come down here when we were corrupting their young minds with ideas and questions which were all we had to offer. Hearst bid in with something what we ain't got it and now the boy editor turns up con-

spicuously on the editorial page of the Examiner. That is one way to triumph in journalism. We used to look at and consider seriously that road to success, wondering whether to take it or prefer a slower, harder way. Young students are slightly predisposed to be practical; they still are a little like their fathers. To all such I would suggest that they learn before graduation to affect the brazenness of cynicism and cut out ruthlessly such blushing as that which colors the style of neophytes. You can often see that they are ashamed of themselves. Students should steel themselves to become marketable and so be able to sell out like a gentleman—or a lady. IT IS not enough for the Communists to say and prove (as they did at Sacramento) that they do not believe in force and violence. The rest of the truth which makes it all clear is that the Chambers of Commerce, the gentle reactionaries, the law and orderlies and the Governments—they do. In a phrase, the Reds are not, the Whites are lawless.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, by the way, is to give an elaborate series of lectures by business men and I hope the students will attend in large numbers. And my endorsement is not, as you might think, to have the Youth make the inevitable comparisons with Red thinkers and speakers. I know what an advantage radical orators have. But I would ask the students to remember and allow for the fact that the business men often don't know what they are talking about. That is a heavy handicap. I feel sure that if they understood business they would talk much better, much.

JAMES CAGNEY went to see Fred Astaire dance with Ginger Rogers in "Roberta" the other night, and the next night went again. He likes it; the perfection of Fred Astaire's movements, the grace of the dancer's art moves the dancer who rarely dances now. The studios use him as an actor, but "I'm a hooper" he says. And he puts Astaire at the top. The day after seeing him Cagney wired him that he was "the best".

It's a deep satisfaction to witness, see and hear one artist "get" another. I've seen a writer do it. Cagney has plotted to be allowed to dance in his plays, succeeding once or twice. But when he says he is a hooper, you won't have to wait long to hear from him that he's an actor, too. His enjoyment of his Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream" is fresh, original and quite Shakespearean.

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HEALTHY SIGNS IN THE SCHOOLS

BY ANNA LINDEN

ONE of the criticisms of the revolutionary press is that it is always negative, always pessimistic in reporting the "state of our union". At the stage of development we are in it is necessary, of course, to emphasize the evils about us. It is humanly impossible and probably unsound at this early time to do more than make Americans politically and economically conscious. The zealots in the "awakening" movement are far too busy on fundamentals of proletarian awakening to watch for the flowering that is creeping into everyday life; and that will eventually make a fertile garden for a new society.

I was an administrator in a California high school for many years. At present I have a position that brings me into contact with many schools in northern California. In the last year I have seen healthy signs; and it is only fair that this word of encouragement should reach those who are working so hard to make a sick America a healthy place in which to live.

I sat in a social studies class in a large high school. A man who had returned from Spain was giving the class a description of that country. The class sat apathetically listening to the dull voice. At the end of the talk he called for questions. A curly-headed, bright-eyed girl of fourteen shot out the question: "Mister, what about the revolution in Spain? How do the Spanish children feel about it?" The man flushed, cleared his throat, looked at the teacher in charge, and in an embarrassed tone said, "I'm not allowed to discuss politics." The children looked from one to another with that wise look that they reserve for adults who refuse to be honest.

In a junior high school one of the teachers told me of an interesting incident. In one of the language courses a representative of a foreign language magazine for students was taking subscriptions for the paper. He had passed out sample copies which the children were reading. A little girl had been reading quietly with a deep frown on her face. Suddenly she walked up to the agent, and in a loud voice that immediately made all the pupils look up, she said, "I have found a great contradiction in your article on Social Studies—it says 'communism or socialism'; you mean 'communism and socialism', don't you?" This from a thirteen-year-old. The agent was so overcome he had no reply but an injured look. The teacher said he never came back because the pupils wouldn't buy his paper after that.

On inquiry I find that in all economic or social study classes the pupils are curious to know more about social changes. In the large cities with almost half of the children on relief, the pupils want to discuss economic evils. Many teachers, but not the students, are afraid of these discussions. And the more the teacher suppresses the discussion of vital subjects, the more curious the students become.

In many smaller high schools I have seen posted on teachers' bulletin boards credos concocted by the Elks or the American Legion. These fascistic documents are to be signed by the teachers. All of them promise to uphold the constitution and stamp out any thought among the pupils of governmental change. I asked one of the teachers whom I know very well if all the faculty in his school had signed. He said that three or four had not; and in a short time the sign was down and nothing had ever been said about it.

A liberal teacher in a small high school told me that a faculty committee had been appointed in the school to judge slogans submitted by the students for Education Week. He was one member, and a staunch Catholic who had been teaching over thirty years, was the other. They were leafing through the slogans when they came to "Communism shall not be mentioned in this school". The liberal naturally threw it on the discard pile with the other silly slogans. Whereupon the older man who a moment before had looked and acted normal, became raving, insulting, vituperative! He called his gentle colleague a "red", and a "bomb-thrower", and wound up with: "And you'll hear more of this!" The liberal looked at him and said: "Why, you Hearst-reading Fascist—you'll hear more of this!" He walked directly to the superintendent's office and told him the story. The superintendent laughed heartily and told the young man not to pay any attention to "grandpa"—no one did! The two liberals sat and discussed for an hour the success of socialization in Russia.

But the most interesting example of development in students, I found where I least expected it! In a particularly smug school I visited a social studies class. On a large board by the door was a plaque with the title "Wall Newspaper". I read the entire page of school news, and my amazement knew no bounds when I found no names of individuals mentioned! This was a surprise in an age where school heroes and beaux have always received the lion-share of publicity.

I asked a bright-looking girl to tell me about the paper. Her words showed me that somewhere, somehow, the right emphasis was being placed on this school activity.

She said, "Each social study class puts out one paper a week. We naturally try to see which class can make up the best paper. We do everything ourselves, including the writing, typing, taking and developing of pictures, and the setting up. You see, the point is that we never mention individuals. We are trying to get away from making 'big shots' out of certain kids. We mention what went on in a room, or a club, or a class, and that's all. We take snaps of editorial staffs or play casts instead of listing a few names."

She saw the look of incredulity on my face and mistook it for a lack of understanding; so she went on to make it more clear.

"For instance, two of our best boy singers were on the program at a student body meeting. First one boy sang and then the other. The kids wanted them to keep it up, and they made a regular popularity contest out of it. Now, we refused to say a word about it in our wall newspaper because it would make these two kids even more egotistical. Now, if they had been up there with the boys' glee and had stepped out of the group to sing, and then stepped back with the others—that would have been different. You see, when you mention individuals, you either make 'heroes' out of them or you get 'personal' if you criticize them."

I can't help but feel optimistic. The changes I see in students today as compared to five years ago are healthy changes. The old taboos, and the old bugaboos have no meaning to these young Americans. They are ripe for change—and the most outstanding youths are leading the others toward social health.

A PAINTER ENLIGHTENS A SCIENTIST

BY D. T. MACDOUGAL AND PAUL DOUGHERTY

SCIENTIST: Hello Paul! Have you taken time out from a contemplation of the grandeur of California's shores and enjoyment of zestful living at the Highlands to notice the discussion in the prints as to the authenticity of the Botticelli "Adoration of the Kings" in the Mellon collection just presented to the city of Washington?

ARTIST: I've seen something of it in the art magazines. So the attention of the scientist has been diverted from the rearrangement of the universe for a few minutes of wonderment as to how some paint was put on a picture four centuries ago: what has science to say about it?

SCIENTIST: We must have our frivolous diversions, of course, and I'm glad to see that you do not think us impertinent, for the scientist, like Kipling's mongoose, is eaten up with curiosity and is likely to thrust his fingers or poke his nose into anything. If he is not willing to ask foolish questions and is afraid of appearing in a ridiculous light he is not the "real thing", and should seek a more conventional environment. The mind of the scientist should always be free, although this openness has a near similarity to vacancy sometimes. Since it seems safe to do so I will give way to the observation that there is a clamor about the authenticity of some well-known picture just about so often: very effective publicity, no?

ARTIST: Yes, these controversies seem to alternate with announcements of new theories of the atom, of an expanding universe, or is it contracting at the moment? I envy this freedom to "about face", eat your words, ignore your errors, and save the collective face of science.

SCIENTIST: One for you! Science is a spoiled child, but it is being pretty sternly reminded of its duties to the family just now. In this particular case about the only service that can be rendered will be to furnish information as to the identity of the pigments and ground: if allowed, X-ray pictures may be made to find out how the paint was laid on.

The brush work of an artist is as distinctive as his handwriting might be. You may recall that I once made X-ray images of a flower painting and of a marine (both pretty good), which you claimed you had done. The photographs by the X-rays showed that they were indubitably Doughertys. Both had been carried through without modification of design by swift sure strokes that made me wish it were possible to carry on experimental research and write up the results with similar assurance.

ARTIST: Yes, I know that the X-ray shows up all patching, additions and alterations in design of an oil painting, but these changes are not always easily to be interpreted. Many notable paintings have been the subject of some secondary work. But what have you learned about the picture in question?

SCIENTIST: Not much, but here's the latest number of *Science News Letter* with a copy of the Botticelli painting by direct photography and a separate cut of the several signatures, the study of which has led many to concur in the assignment of authorship to Botticelli, while other experts conclude that Leonardo da Vinci was responsible. What are the probabilities?

ARTIST: Both were great craftsmen. Chronologically it would have been possible for both of them to have had some-

thing to do with this notable work, with Botticelli slightly in advance of Leonardo. I'm bound to say that I find some of the discussions of present day experts on the origin and construction of pictures of the 15th and 16th centuries somewhat narrow and not a little naive. Pretty nearly all of these fellows proceed on the assumption that the pictures of that period like those of today were done by one man. This was far from being the case. It often happened that after a painting had been developed on the original design to the fullest possible extent by its author, it might not satisfy him or a patron. An assistant, an apprentice, or even an absolute outsider might have been given opportunity to do his best or worst on it. Or indeed it might be taken over entirely by another painter who might retain only parts of the original and use the remainder in a composition in which the basic interpretation was widely different from the original conception. One well-known and amusing alteration is that by which pants were put on the naked figures of Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" by Papal command. The expert, proceeding on the assumption that these old pictures are a one-man job, may be led into grievous blunders.

SCIENTIST: It is directly opposed to a conviction that I've held all my life that all great creative accomplishments in art, science or literature were made by flights of a single mind, but I am bound to admit that there are many examples in architecture of such progressive contributions and we know that plays sometimes are brought to higher values by such amendment, but it does not seem possible that a great poem might be pieced together by two or more persons. Does this mean that a picture may be more nearly compared to a play or a cathedral in its construction than a poem?

ARTIST: To make a comparison of a poem and a picture would take us pretty far afield, but I do wish to emphasize the fact that during the period in which these great pictures were produced—the 15th to 18th centuries—great attention was paid to the design, necessarily so on large areas, often carrying many life-size figures. The outlines being finally determined they were transferred accurately to the canvas or panel. Then the matter of bringing out the figures was a studio task, upon which was focussed the craftsmanship of the master and his apprentices.

SCIENTIST: This procedure seems widely different from present day practice, in which there seems to be a jealous sense of individual authorship which prevails in every studio. How has this change come about?

ARTIST: That is not to be explained simply. I can only say that it came with the disintegration of the guilds in the arts and crafts, which was complete by the time of the French Revolution, since which time an intensified individualism has prevailed.

SCIENTIST: Some of the most disturbing social and political developments of the day tend to set the current in the opposite direction and this raises many questions. Whether the man who "travels fastest who travels alone" also travels farther would seem to depend on his baggage. But could the painter return to the old guild system?

Modern days, modern ways! There is, as you well know, a long prevalent proneness to think of old things as best, which falls half-way between being amusing and irritating.

Some sentimentalists would glorify the light from a guttering tallow dip as compared to the shaded glow of the incandescent gas in the latest electric bulb. Then there are undying beliefs in lost arts in forging steel, preparing dyes, tempering copper, etc. None of which can be confirmed by laboratory tests. Any and all products of hand labor are regarded as being superior to the products of modern methods. Thus I can recall when to have a heavy sporting rifle with a "hand-hammered barrel" was to be in possession of a weapon that would bring down game no matter how clumsily it might be held.

ARTIST: The 16th century painter was familiar with his material, as is a good cook, but could have but little knowledge of the physical properties of his media or pigments. He worked by rule of thumb and the cut and try method. His material came into the studio in the raw state. The intimate acquaintance gained by grinding pigments and mixing media is well evidenced by the clarity and permanence of the best "primitives". But think of the hundreds by the less skillful which were not permanent, and about which we consequently know nothing.

Instead of a series of standardized colors to be squeezed out of a tube countless variations could be secured by individual methods, some of which remained studio secrets.

While the apprentices were engaged in preparing the materials the master began work on his cartoon or design which was later to be transferred to the panel or canvas previously coated with chalk and glue of other sizing. The laying on of color now began. Pigments were incorporated in a choice of many media, temperas, or emulsions. These might be alternated with glazes or varnishes in which some color had been incorporated. Trial of this and that mixture proceeded so that it would not be possible to say how many layers had been added. One of Titian's pictures is taken to have had at least thirty glazes applied as the picture progressed. Not until nearing completion was actual direct use made of pigment in oil. Such a construction may well puzzle the expert. At present most painters acquire a variety of tubes of pigments in oil, and brushes, and then proceed to work on canvas, making what are strictly oil paintings. Naturally pictures made in this way give effects different from those of the old masters. Guilds and the apprentice system are gone forever but there is now accessible to the inquiring painter knowledge of the physical character and intimate chemical composition of his materials, with which he may work with much greater understanding of its properties and possibilities, and he may also carry on rational experiments with opportunities for originality quite as great as at any time in the history of painting. It was with the idea that some things of value might be developed by your biological methods of experimentation with gums and colloids that I came to you a few years ago with a translation of a supposed recipe used by El Greco.

SCIENTIST: And didn't we have a lovely time putting substances together ordinarily regarded as incompatible, with resultant combinations irreverently compared to mayonnaise by the studio chaperone, and characterized as "goo" in the laboratory. I'm sure our colleagues would think we were spoofing if we gave out details.

ARTIST: Some of our mixtures were reminiscent of a witches' brew, but some were useful, thanks to modern chemistry and electric stirrers. This leads me to say that the old painters could command infinite variety in their emulsions or temperas, but also could grind such things as mineral pigments to their own standards of fineness. Thus the smooth

even surfaces of crystalline substances to which water or oil adheres reflect light and color in a manner affected by the fineness to which they are ground. To fragment them too finely is to deaden them, or lessen their brilliancy.

SCIENTIST: I wish to have your opinion as to an illustration I've used as to the structure of a picture. In this I suggest that if a succession of layers of loosely arranged fragments of rock, colored glass, metal and dyes be placed in a shallow dish with a dull white or grayish bottom and then water or oil is poured in to fill the spaces you would have a crude illustration enormously enlarged of a small area of a picture dried. Now, if the preparation be placed in a strong light you would get the hues reflected from the surface layer, in addition some effects from the layers beneath. Would this serve to demonstrate the effects of "depths" and physical luminosity in a painting?

ARTIST: Quite accurately, or as the old fellows said "lean beneath: fat on top".

SCIENTIST: You make it appear as alluring as Tom Sawyer whitewashing a picket fence and as engaging as a chef decorating a wedding cake: Nothing to it!

ARTIST: Of course not, for, as an eight-year-old member of a "gallery" following my progress on a sketch said, "making a picture is easy: it's just putting the right kind of paint in the right place."



RELIEF BEEF

SQUAT cans, white-labeled and tersely lettered in blue ink:
"Not to be sold. Property of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration."

Squat cans containing relief beef, par-boiled and steam-cooked;
Packed by the largest packing companies in the country,
And paid for by governmental appropriation
Levied on the very people who stand in line to receive it.
Citizens, tersely labeled "indigent"
By a government unable, or unwilling, to cope
With the problem of their indigency.

Neat, squat cans doled out to the people
Who have been quaintly termed "the backbone of the country",
And, more lately and appropriately, "forgotten men".
How apt we are to coin glib phrases
That rattle like the pebbles in a baby's toy and mean infinitely less.
How acquiescent we are as a people, acquiescent and credulous
With an almost idiotic complacency

Listen to the reverberating chortle of a nation:
"How shall we serve it tonight: goulash, slum-gullion, or pie?"

—FRANCES KROESE

A HEARSTIAN ANALYSIS OF WAGES

BY GRANT G. CANNON

THE cost of the constituent elements which go to make up the human body has been estimated at somewhere near \$1.50. This is more than likely high, as prices have fallen since the ingenious chemist, to whom we owe this figure, worked out his price sheet.

However, even at that price, I think that this is a good deal lower, by at least a dollar or two, than the animal is worth, on the hoof. Swift modestly proposed that a human being was worth 10s or approximately \$2.50 but I feel that this is far too cheap. Not that I wish to detract from his excellent theory, but then he was dealing with the prices of the early eighteenth century and also he was considering them as consumable carcasses. During America's slave-owning years a human being was glorified to the extent of being worth \$2,000 for a good specimen. But here again we are dealing with a different period and different conditions, for this entitled the purchaser to the progeny of his purchase, if the slave were a woman, or a reasonable return from putting him to stud.

Economists tell us that we must pay a minimum price for human beings which will allow them to live and reproduce. This seems to me to be a faulty statement. Obviously, we should not be expected to buy a raw material produced at home when we may procure the same material from abroad at a much more reasonable price. Therefore, I consider it erroneous that we, in this country which has its very foundation on the principles of freedom of competition, should be expected to pay for the maintenance of the laborer and also to pay him to reproduce.

Current history further bears me out on this point. At the present time we are forced to pay taxes far higher than is justifiable in order to maintain the unemployed. To put it more clearly, we are being forced to pay exorbitant taxes because we were foolish enough to pay an unreasonable price for labor and thus allow him to multiply. We not only supported the one worker but, of our own accord, paid for the maintenance of a mate for him and for whatever offspring he cared to bring into the world. Let me further point out that we, as I have shown, are forced to pay for the propagation and maintenance of the aforementioned laborer without having any supervision or limiting control over his reproduction. Here again we run dead against every existing economic law and principle, for it has been clearly shown that the production of every other commodity is definitely limited by the demand for such a product. Thus, if a manufacturer of, shall we say, buttons produces far more than the public cares to buy, his further activity will be curtailed by a drastic and inescapable loss on the surplus buttons that he has produced. To put it axiomatically, he who produces more than the public cares to consume suffers in direct proportion to his overproduction.

Now let us examine the labor question in the light of this economic law. There has been an overproduction of labor; therefore, we can confidently expect to find that some group is suffering from this condition. It will amaze most of us to find that it is not the laborer, or as he is in this case, the producer, who is forced to suffer for this overproduction, but the consumer who is faced with the problem of supporting the product of the laborer's husbandry. Does this nullify the law of overproduction? I would be inclined to say that it does

not, for insofar as we have allowed the overproduction to occur, not only allowed but encouraged it with the prices we have in the past paid for labor, we are, in a sense, responsible for that production and are justly suffering for it.

Another factor which we must consider in determining the price of a human being is the attempt of labor unions to so control labor that they form a monopoly of all labor and thus destroy the freedom of the market. At the present time this is far from being accomplished and, perhaps due to the very nature of the commodity, can never be accomplished; but at the same time it can be seen that this is an ever-growing evil. The methods that are being used to form this monopoly are decidedly un-American and, I think, can be shown to be unlawful. The first step taken by the unions is to band the workers in one industry into such a compact group that they can, usually by terroristic methods, drive off all other freely competing labor. When these individual bands have been formed, they are amalgamated with other bands into what has been deceptively called a federation. This so-called federation is obviously no more nor less than a trust which is a direct violation of the Sherman act. The unions have also shortened laboring hours to such a point as to make the economic law of diminishing returns inoperative. Also they distort the labor market by attempting to have the worker maintained while he is not working.

One more consideration which we should take up before attempting to settle on the price of a human being is that, although labor is considered a means of production, it cannot be purchased outright as are other capital goods. I freely grant that this is an absurd state of affairs, but in order to be realistic we have to consider it as a fact. This law does not prohibit us from purchasing from the freely competing laborer the twenty years of his life when he has reached his maximum efficiency. So, in a sense, this ruling saves the consumer of labor a good deal of money in that he is in no way obliged to support the laborer either before or after the years of maximum productivity. It may be objected that some one has to support this laborer from childhood, but I have already pointed out that this is not the duty of the consumer. If labor can be imported from a foreign nation it should be done, as he has been raised from childhood by that nation and thus constitutes a gain on our part, or to state it economically, a favorable balance of trade. To those unscientific "humanists", who maintain that we should concern ourselves with the maintenance of labor after the productive years have passed, I reply that if the said laborer is not concerned with this problem to save for the future he is in no way deserving of our concern.

Therefore, with due consideration for the foregoing facts, we come to the conclusion that with a free and unrestricted labor market in a nationalistic country we must pay a minimum, which by usage could become also a maximum, price for a human being which will suffice for the maintenance of that individual for the twenty working years of his life. Taking the government figures, which show that the average family income during 1932 was approximately \$350, subtracting from this figure \$100 dollars in order to arrive at the average working family's income and dividing the result by five which is the usual figure given for the number in an average family,

we arrive at the conclusion that one person could be maintained on the American standard of living for \$50 a year.

Thus we are forced to admit the truth of the fact that although the constituents which make up one human being can be bought on the open market for slightly over \$1.00, we, the consumers of human beings, are forced to pay for the use of that person for 20 years, even under the ideal conditions which I have described, the amazing sum of \$1,000.



THERE IS DEMOCRACY IN BERKELEY

DEMOCRACY is reborn in Berkeley.

Four thousand people, mostly students, collected at Sather Gate last Friday, and with dignity and order made known their united desire. They listened to speakers, they laughed at hecklers, they passed resolutions thunderously or—to avoid any doubt—with a forest-like show of hands. Democratically, directly, and without any doubt, they let it be known that they were opposed to all war preparations and war propaganda, and that they proposed to back whatever might be done against these things.

There were vigilantes in the crowd. They argued among themselves about something, but they made no move.

Policemen with long new sticks moved like shepherds, quietly. Last autumn, when a student strike protested student suspensions at Los Angeles, police stood on the sidewalks and laughed at the sight of eggs being thrown at the speakers. This time, the Berkeley City Council had publicly ordered them to protect the strikers.

The student anti-war strike, in which this crowd was taking part, was world-wide. On other American campuses that day there were riots, expulsions, arrests. At Stanford, the anti-war strike had suffered a sea-change into an official meeting where ROTC officers spoke on preparedness. The one-hour strike at the University of California was remarkable. The Berkeley vigilantes "chickened out"; the Berkeley police protected the strikers; these were miracles, but not accidental ones. Democracy was reborn in Berkeley; finding its traditional channels stopped up, it was learning the use of direct action; not through representatives to whom anything may happen, but with each man representing himself.

(In matters concerning the University of California, Crocker and Fleishhacker and Giannini and Hearst's attorney Neylan have long found it preferable to be Regents and act directly, rather than act through their representatives, their state legislature. The student body and the people of Berkeley are just catching up.)

That morning of the strike, the Anti-War Committee's hundred members, scattered through the crowd, were watching the strike carry itself, in a state of blissful incapacity to do anything even if they had it to do. They remembered the month before only as long nights with typewriter and mimeograph, long days of meetings and conferences. Mornings when the alarm clock was torture. Late afternoons when ex-

haustion hit bottom and the most devoted were slightly suicidal. A great weight of studying undone. Rumors of wars in the headlines, in newspapers they had not time to read; the Anti-War Committee knew ironically little about the details of the rising war danger; the month's events blurred into one great desire. Not the desire that the anti-war strike should succeed—that was a determination taken in their stride; but the desire to sleep.

There were, however, moments they would not have exchanged even for sleep, instants when committee members' breath tightened in their throats at the discovery of the public massed behind them—solid, like the weight of a wave, giving a meaning to the word support. They were instants when democracy—every man's right to a voice—spoke suddenly, at its most direct, each acting for himself and all acting together. Not acting violently; a majority has no need for violence.

The Anti-War Committee remembered the day after the first of them were arrested for distributing the Anti-War Bulletins, when students first began coming to them to ask "Tell me, what's this strike all about?" or "What can I do?" The Committee remembered the unexpected mass of people who came to the arraignments and the city council hearings, and the long pages of names signed to petitions, and the gradual weakening of newspaper slanderousness. They remembered the mass pressure that had won dismissal of the handbill cases, amendment of the ordinance, instructions by the City Council for the Berkeley police to protect the strikers April 12. Official recognition that it's the vigilantes who use violence, not the strikers! "Perhaps we are asleep, instead of only wishing we were," said the Anti-War Committee.

—B. T. N.



THOSE TERRIBLE BOLSHEVIKS

THE tremendous achievements of Soviet Russia are now recognized by everyone, barring the two Willies—William Randolph Hearst and Will Durant. Under the irresistible driving force of Socialist competition, the production of material necessities has increased enormously. All this is universally admitted—sometimes with painful reluctance, it is true. But in bourgeois circles we still hear the plaintive whine that the Bolsheviks, uncouth creatures that they are, care nothing for the things of the "spirit", that they are inclined to spit at man's "soul", that, quintessentially, they are destroyers of culture, interested only in such mysterious and incomprehensible obsessions as "Dialectic Materialism" and raising hell and beards.

I have before me an announcement from Moscow of a new series of foreign books to be published during the next three years—a sort of three-year plan for foreign literature. All these books are being translated into Russian by qualified scholars of the Gorky Institute of World Literature, and will be issued in editions of tens of thousands for the workers and peasants of that poor country. And it should be remembered

that these translations constitute only a fraction of the new books which are being published in the Soviet Union. Last year there were some 40,000 titles in all, with millions of copies issued.

But to revert to our list of foreign translations. What are the names of a few of these books? Here they are: new translations of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*; the tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*; the complete works of *Lucian*, and also *The Palatine Anthology of Greek Poetry*. The literature of the Middle Ages will be represented by translations of *The Cid*; *The Eddas*; *The Nibelungen Lied*; *Aucassin and Nicolette*; early French tales, and the complete works of *François Villon*. Oriental literature will have on its list the Hindu classics, *The Mahabharata* and *The Ramayana*. There will also be a new and complete edition of *The Arabian Nights*, and an anthology of Chinese and Japanese literature of the Seventeenth Century. New translations of the works of *Goethe* and *Schiller* will head the list of German literature. Among the French classics will be the works of *Rabelais*, *Montaigne*, *Montesquieu*, *Molière*, *Racine*, *Corneille*, *Rousseau*, *Balzac*, *Hugo*, *De Maupassant* and *Anatole France*. English literature is covered by new translations of *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, *Smollett*, *Sterne*, *Scott*, *Dickens* and *Byron*.

Destroyers of culture? For God's sake, let's have more of them!

—CONRAD SEILER

MUSIC

EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

ON Sunday, April 14, the University of California Symphony, led by Albert Elkus, gave a program on which works by two San Francisco composers were heard. Three early American tunes, arranged for orchestra by Ernst Bacon, were warmly received, and Edward Schneider's *Sargasso* made a good first impression, an impression which, however, one suspected would not stand frequent repetition. Arthur Foote's *Rubaiyat Pieces* and the Beethoven *Fidelio* overture completed the program.

OUR correspondence is productive of unheard of treasure:
San Mateo, April 13

"My dear Mr. Robertson:

"Referring to your music column in *Pacific Weekly* last week, where you say: (*apropos of advertisers' anxiety to spice their broadcasts with lively personalities like Farrar and Gardén:*) 'This only serves to intensify that weakness of American concert-goers who listen to Paderewski and not to the *Appassionata*, to Kreisler and not to the Beethoven Concerto in *D-major*. This is a state of mind which limits the hearer's experiencing in any true sense what is presented him, and contrary to appearance does the artist great wrong.'

"It seems to me that the implications of the above statement are glaringly false. Are you trying to separate the performer from the performance and vice versa? (*I certainly am.*) Don't we know music only because somebody plays it, (no,

any trained musician reads music like a book.) and isn't it great music only when competently played? (*Can a Podunk stock company make Shakespeare a poor playwright or his plays bad drama?*) Of course, we go to hear Paderewski rather than Beethoven. (*I know you do, that is what I'm complaining about, and artists like Paderewski, Kreisler and Bauer complain with me*) Beethoven becomes important only when a great virtuoso converts his notes to sound. (*Well, if you really believe that there's nothing to be said.*)

"As for personality in the realm of art, if you deplore its existence you are deploring the essence of creative activity, and you are crazy. (*I believe the source of creative activity lies far deeper than 'personality'; in any case, I would never agree that personality is the essence of creative activity.*) I suppose, academically speaking, the imperfection lies in the fact that when the artist superimposes his personality on that of the composer, the two may not fuse or even harmonize, though no one is in a position to judge that except most arbitrarily. (*I'm afraid I'm going to go right on being arbitrary.*) An artist of a naturally romantic temperament should ever play Bach unless he can get outside his purely romantic personality; failure to do this is easily detected by anyone with the most elementary understanding of Bach.) The most complete music, then, would be epitomized in MacDowell playing his *D-minor* concerto or Gershwin his *Rhapsody in Blue*. But music would be an extremely anaemic organism if it had to depend on the performance of its composers. (*Well, we agree here at any rate.*)

"But when you speak of the personality of an artist, you mean those elements of personality that are apparently irrelevant to his performance, don't you? (*No, I mean his total conscious personality, which can never be the source of creative activity, either in composition or performance.*) There you are on dangerous ground, but most of all you are just being smug. (*I suppose I am if you say so, but I don't see how I can avoid it.*) Artists, especially female singers, once stripped of their voices, show a deplorable tendency to stand revealed in a nauseating nudity of sentimental emoting which you and I fail to appreciate, even though it is exactly the same sentimentality which contributed so largely to their success in opera. But if the great American public can appreciate it, they are entitled to it, aren't they? (*Not going ironic on me, are you? Certainly they are entitled to their weaknesses, but that doesn't make those weaknesses a virtue.*)

Ann Claffin

Even though I may not seem to appreciate all your points, Miss Claffin, I am grateful for the interest which prompted you to write. Do it again sometime.

Cordially yours,

Sidney Robertson

IT SEEMS kinder not to examine Efrem Zimbalist's recent San Francisco concert in too great detail. His tone was smooth and fine, but he seemed very nervous and unsteady, and his program was not of any great interest in itself. Zimbalist is a charming gentleman who expressed himself recently as cherishing a secret yearning for a bookstore full of first editions, (or perhaps not a store, one wouldn't want to sell first editions once acquired) and if this is what he really cares about we hope he gets his wish. It would be too bad if he were obliged to continue doing a thing which gives him as little pleasure as that concert seemed to do.

THE THEATER

BACK TO THE STONE AGE!

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

OUR DAILY BREAD" (United Artists) has a number of things other than the League of Nations award and the endorsement of the EPIC-cures to recommend it. It strays quite definitely off the Hollywood beaten path even if it still carries an orchid or two, picked before it arrived at the byway. Though it clings to the good old triangle with its voluptuous blonde disturber, it eschews scenes too highly charged with passion. And its main theme is that of a group of depression victims trying to wring a living from the soil under vast difficulties.

The film will be many things to many people. The social idealist will see in it the model of the society of tomorrow; the politically sophisticated will see it as a mass or economic hokum. It is both. It is valuable because it demonstrates that a society can exist without the profit motive. It is meretricious because it becomes a drama of escape. And it defeats even its own argument by having its little utopian scheme succeed only through a freak of chance by which the farm colony is able to bring water to its drouth-stricken corn crop.

Other troubles are solved by convenient freaks of chance, too. For instance, there is the escaped convict member of the colony who gives himself up so that his fellows may use the reward to buy provisions while waiting for the harvest. The sheriff's sale scene is the only one which hints the necessity of militant action on the part of society's underdogs. The members of the colony, grim and formidable looking chaps, stand beside the would-be bidders from the city and by exhibiting clenched fists and coils of rope prevent outside bids from being made. Then they do the bidding and buy the farm at their own price.

The big climax arrives when, after having given up hope for their parched crop, they discover that the power company has turned water into a stream a few miles distant. The ensuing scene, with the entire colony turning out with picks and shovels and working night and day on the ditch while their women supply them with food and coffee, is one of those highly exciting crowd scenes which Director King Vidor handles so expertly. It was a spectacle of workers toiling for the common good and doing it with a will. And it has a potent stimulating effect upon audiences.

If the film was intended to be pure fiction, dealing with a single and especial case, then it is deserving of high praise for its accomplishment. But if it pretended any general social purpose, then it must be recorded as a pretentious failure. If it sought to vision the salvation of society by a retreat to the soil and the raising of crops for which there is no market, then it must be written down as a document too absurd to be considered. Its resort to primitive back-breaking agriculture in a nation and age so highly mechanized is a touch of economic atavism. It completely dodges the real problem. Americans are not in want because of any lack of resources or facilities, but rather because those resources and facilities are in the hands of groups not interested in using them for their

real purpose of satisfying want.

King Vidor's directorial efforts have almost always been among the worthiest Hollywood has had to offer. Many pictures have taken on power and significance under his direction. Many others have been ruined by forces beyond his control—the voices of producers speaking for the box-office and for the bankers who see to it that the cinema is kept free of controversy and intellectually sterile. Vidor is a windmill-crasher, a bird in a Goldwyn cage. It would be interesting to see what he would do if liberated.

I am praising him as a director, not as a scenarist. For the scenario of "Our Daily Bread" is from his own typewriter, and it is a telling argument in favor of having someone else do the writing for him. He might, however, prove an able adaptor. I should like to see him given a chance to bring Tom Kromer's book *Waiting for Nothing* to the screen.

THAT a film like "Star of Midnight" (Golden Gate) should be better entertainment than one like "Our Daily Bread" is a dolorous commentary on the state of the American cinema. The latter tries to say something and fails miserably, if interestingly. The former says nothing and says it delightfully.

Couched a good deal in the amusing vein of "The Thin Man", though never quite reaching its heights of civilized comedy, "Star of Midnight" displays William Powell at the business of solving a murder mystery. The murder doesn't matter a great deal, but the antics of the suave Powell and those of Ginger Rogers as the society girl who wants to marry him (and finally does) soon becomes the dominant theme. J. Farrell McDonald also triumphs in the role of a police inspector of the kind met only in fanciful fiction. But that doesn't matter; the film doesn't attempt to solve any of your problems. It has nothing to offer but fun and it offers Hollywood's very best brand. And so, because it seems hopeless to expect a picture which has something intelligent to say, moviegoers may as well make the most of those which mouth the adroit nothings.

TONY SARG's marionettes, who stand in the top rank for technical perfection, come to the Geary as rather a disappointment. Their opening performance "Faust, the Wicked Magician", lacks the fanciful humor which charmed the audiences of the Piccoli and overlooks immense opportunities offered by its subject matter.

The play never quite makes up its mind whether it is to be a serious drama or a slapstick comedy, and so it makes the mistake of trying to mix the two. The theme follows that of the Gounod opera with variations too trifling to justify the producer's existence. The "Faust" theme offers a multitude of philosophical implications which could be made highly engrossing. No end of satire could be woven into a puppet performance based upon it. On the other hand, the opera might have been gaily burlesqued, making more use of the marionettes' emancipation from the laws of physics which imprison the living actor.

It is another case of the director needing the services of a creative scenarist. Sarg has attained a technical perfection the possibilities of which are being allowed to lie dormant. He needs someone to show him how to use what his genius has created.

BOOKS

MABEL LUHAN RECAPTURES TIME

WINTER IN TAOS, by Mabel Dodge Luhan. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) \$2.75

(Reviewed by Una Jeffers)

It is in remembering, as Wordsworth discovered, and so many after him, that one extracts the full flavor of life, and forms the random net of days to pattern and wholeness. *Winter in Taos* is the record of one inactive day, through which passes the whole course of the seasons and of Mabel Luhan's chosen life in Taos, like light through a crystal. It is only when she gazes through swirls of snow toward the sacred mountain, and thinks of her Indian husband driving along the frozen roads with his load of grain, that time passing is distinct from time remembered.

There is a quality in that high pastoral region as remote and intact as of a plateau in Thibet. To Mabel's mind the Indian pueblo is the heart and nerve-center of the region; to her visitors, and to readers of this book, the warm core of life is there in her great adobe house, rambling about its walled courtyards which are flagged with stones from the mountain and old worn millstones of the country. At one end the house rises several stories to a room all glass, on whose roof a golden cock veers with every breath of wind. Each of the rooms below has its distinct accent and history; here is included a tiny house in whose walls Tony as a lad helped his father fit a window; yonder is a room once a Penitente morada, the scene of what painful compensatory rituals. And around all, in remembered summers, flows the murmuring rush of the acequia madre, shadowed by the great cottonwoods upon its banks.

Within, the house is filled with treasures that Mabel has brought back from far countries; old brocades and dim mirrors from Italy, silver and copper; tiny ivory skulls, votive offerings at some distant shrine; a Buddha brooding above long rows of books; and everywhere the sweet incense of burning cedar and pinon and osha root, mingling in memory with the wild rose and plum and olive scents of spring.

In summer there are many guests, brilliant and amusing, or perhaps chosen for some deep vitality that Mabel likes to feel about her. She thinks now of expeditions with them into the mountains and wild gallops across the desert land, and of the earthly pleasure of meals in late sunset, delicious food produced from her own land, fresh vegetables, fruits, jams. Fragrance and savor: Mabel's senses are unusually keen and she has disciplined herself to a continuous awareness.

Interwoven always with the life of the house is that of the many animals on the place, from the giant Dane who gets her face punctured with porcupine quills down to the old dog Pooch shuddering and groaning with constant apprehensions. The parrots with their high wild notes cut across the cooing of innumerable pigeons that flutter about their own village just within the gates. Across the alfalfa field in the corral is enacted a bloody epic: the great boar breaks out and gashes the saddle-horses, and Mabel's white horse Charlie defends his mares.

Beyond her house Mabel is always conscious of the Indian pueblo with its immemorial foundations. Through centuries the Indians have tilled the soil, sowing and reaping in a magical hypnotic round. Then from the rich bounty of autumn

her mind returns to the "warm spring wind full of white flakes from the fruit-trees carrying little lost apples, the spring harvest, unfruitful of all but beauty."

It is midnight; Tony returns; the long winter's day of memories is ended. One imagines Mabel murmuring with Montaigne: "Everything hath been carried in season. I have seen the leaves, the blossoms and the fruit."

TELLS US WHY

THE GREAT DEPRESSION, by Lionel Robbins. (Macmillan Co.) \$3

(Reviewed by Harry Conover)

THIS book has suffered an ironic fate. Designed as an orthodox demonstration of the economic fallacies of the programs of the liberal economists such as Stuart Chase, Irving Fisher, John Maynard Keynes, and John A. Hobson, it has come to serve as a basis for the attacks of the radicals on capitalism itself. John Strachey, in *The Nature of Capitalist Crisis*, refers to it repeatedly as a support for Marxian economic theory. There is no better written book which so briefly and clearly portrays the essentials of our profit system and by inference, its inadequacies. It ought especially to be read by those who argue that capitalism can be saved by increasing purchasing power and that it is short-sighted not to do this.

Robbins, who is professor of economics at London University, says that to salvage capitalism we must restore profits and at a relatively increasing rate. We must, he says, allow entrepreneurs to withdraw from the current national income sufficient savings to finance the development of the basic capital-goods industries of the country. With considerable evidence, he shows that a very delicate balance must be maintained between that portion of the income going to the production of raw materials, machines and factories and that portion going to consumers' goods. Whenever this balance is upset, a crisis occurs. It is upset whenever we stop financing capital-goods industries by accumulated funds (savings) (which means that we have seen to it in advance that potential consumption has been curtailed) and begin to rely upon bank credit. For the use of bank credit "involves a change in the amount spent on capital-goods without any diminution, on the part of the recipients of income, of expenditure on consumption-goods". Wage-earners in these credit-financed industries come into possession of a greater income, which they use to satisfy their wants. An increase in the demand for the production of consumers' goods results, drawing capital and labor away from the capital-goods enterprises. These latter have therefore to pay higher wages and interest rates to continue operation; Costs rise, profits decline. The prospect of repaying bank loans wanes; there is a rush to dispose of goods; markets become glutted and finally credit collapses and a depression ensues. We can recover from depression, Professor Robbins maintains, only by cutting costs (wages) and dissolving all monopolies which interfere with the freedom of competition and prevent the restoration of the proper balance between the production of capital-goods and consumers' goods.

The Great Depression is a world-wide survey of the measures which capitalist nations have taken in the effort to stave off this drastic prescription. The author describes the monetary policies adopted in Austria, Germany, France, England and the United States which served to gloss over and accentu-

ate the basic maladjustment in the flow of production which has prevailed since the war. In essence, Professor Robbins has indicated how far from contemporary reality are the conditions requisite to the successful and automatic functioning of a market economy.

What can we gather from his analysis of the nature of capitalism and the possibilities of saving it? In the first place, it is clear that to re-establish the conditions for a free market economy we must end tariff and exchange restrictions, monopolies, trades unions and social security projects which tend to buoy the price of labor. Professor Robbins believes that these "interferences" with free competition are no more than the creation of politicians. He fails to grasp the inherent connection between the State and the monopolies which control it, a point which a colleague, Professor Harold Laski, has recently stressed. In the second place, it is clear that capitalism can recover, if at all, only by renouncing its professed goal of satisfying human needs and devoting itself to making production more and more round-about, making the production of machines for the further production of machines an end in itself. On Professor Robbins' own grounds, the moment production harkens to the consumers, capitalism collapses. In the third place, it means that we shall have to endure an even more inequitable distribution of income than we had in 1929, when, as *America's Capacity to Consume* stated, 10 per cent of our population accumulated 86 per cent of the nation's savings. In the fourth place, the book explicitly demonstrates that "recovery" can come only at the further sacrifice of workers' welfare. The conflict between democracy and capitalism is bared. At the same time that workers press for satisfactory living conditions by means of collective bargaining and social legislation, capitalism insists that labor must remain "a commodity in a free market". Employers, to save their profits, must end democracy.

CORRESPONDENCE

PUTS US IN REVIEW

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

From some source I am in receipt of two copies of the "Pacific Weekly", for which I am deeply grateful. Their snappy, serious articles and deep humor thrill me.

Last night I awoke in the middle of the night reviewing the Weekly, and could hardly get back to sleep for laughing. Then the enlightenment they gave me kept my mind wandering.

I live all alone in the lovely valley of Ukiah whose rocks and rills and woods and templed hills I love. So much I love them I never get away to hear anything, and I have not time for a radio.

I have felt vaguely many times when following the big dailies that I was not sounding all the truth of much that was being written—no one to tell me—take that snap or hint you gave your readers of dear darling Brisbane, my daily bible—I had often wondered at the pushing he did for a huge Air Navy, and warning us that war was right at our door. Somehow I felt he overdid it, and I was suspicious even before your hinted revelation. Your revelation of why he probably pushes aviation was a dynamic bomb to me.

I caught a vivid picture of Brisbane trying to resist a huge

derrick ready to lift him into an airplane, and this picture was better than any page of the Funnies.

Wouldn't it be fine if Brisbane were secretly undermining the Hearst government of things! I have observed quietly in my corner here that the Hearst papers elect for President of the U. S. whomever they choose. I have known that this was very wrong somehow. I don't know any more than "a pestiferous bug in your garden". Yet I have been having my eyes opened some. I watched the dailies in the Sinclair campaign for Governor. I take the Epic News, and have read Sinclair's book, "How I Got Licked".

The Lincoln Steffens' column is fine. I can appreciate Steffens' fine sensitivity that can see when in the presence of people the strings that jerk them the way they go. He can see through their thoughts and acts to the causes of them. I believe this. Yes, it's funny, as he says. I can by handling a letter tell whether the letter has any adverse or painful news by holding it and concentrating on it before it is opened, that is, if the person sending it has much vital force. If a letter has been written ever so sweetly with loving words, if it has been written with turmoil around, noise and shuffle and disturbance, a quarrel going on at the same time, or housemoving, I get that, too, like pin sticks. I enjoyed Steffens.

Philemon Cassidy has my thanks for revealing to me in his article "Decoding the Hearst Papers", the character of these papers. For the word Communism we must substitute the words Income Tax and Inheritance Tax. And so on, every word full of life and truth.

"Whiffle" caught my fancy most of all. How gently Cassidy handled Annie Laurie. He's a born gentleman. Years ago to read Annie Laurie just twisted my nature. She has always written down to the sob-stuff in women and the childishness in men. She can write. I found out when she attended the Vienna Narcotic Convention that what she wrote back was marvelous. I sat up and took notice. Why does she write so silly for us all the time?

Now I come to the story "Twenty-Eight Years in a News Room" by the editor and publisher, W. K. Bassett, which I enjoyed so much. I am sure he wrote good poetry. I used to try to write poetry myself. His comment that the people of Modesto would not know the difference between his art and the art of Keats and Shelley got me giggling, and I way into mature years. Every article of that little weekly gave its share of pleasure and instruction.

Notes and Comments by the editor gripped my attention. Dear editor, if Robert Ripley's article in last Friday's *Examiner* is true about conditions in Soviet Russia American children should hear very much that is derogatory of Soviet Russia, and in the light of this knowledge given by Ripley, if true, it is indeed amusing that Russia is the nation which stands at the forefront in efforts for world peace.

I enjoy the "Epic News". I read in the "Epic News" "The Way Out", by Sinclair. He analyzes and criticizes and goes into pages and pages of details, and on and on, like Tennyson's brook. The book is nearly finished, but I have never found the way out nor out of what. "Victims of Psycho" is another brook. I don't know what it is all about, but I think the Pacific Weekly will be the means of broadening my mind. Ukiah.

E. B. C.

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

Inclosed find one dollar for which send me your magazine for six months.

Have just received your March 22nd issue, sample copy, and would like to get the preceding issues if you can do so. I don't think I can afford to miss any issue. How long has this

magazine been going on? I always like to aid any advanced publications.

Your magazine is good to look at, attractive in appearance and well written. The article by Robert Briffault, "Why they are so dumb" is a fine piece of work, delving into channels of thought that have long remained hidden from us.

In the section, Lincoln Steffens, Speaking—he makes the following comment on Marie de L. Welch's Camp Corcoran . . . "They are not only great poems, they are what the Eastern critics are clamoring for: proletarian literature, I would like to add, by *no proletarian* (my emphasis) but by an *upper class poet*, which shows that it doesn't take a worker to see, to understand and to express a modern epic."

Well now, that shouldn't be a surprise to Mr. Steffens. In the Communist Manifesto by Marx & Engels, we find the following . . . "entire sections of the ruling classes are, by the advance of industry, precipitated into the proletariat, or are at least threatened in their conditions of existence. These also supply the proletariat with fresh elements of enlightenment and progress. Finally, in times when the class struggle nears the decisive hour, the process of dissolution going on within the ruling class, in fact within the whole range of old society, assumes such a violent, glaring character, that a small section of the ruling (upper H. L.) class cuts itself adrift, and joins the revolutionary class, the class that holds the future in its hands. Just as, therefore, at an earlier period, a section of the nobility went over to the bourgeoisie, so now a portion of the bourgeoisie goes over to the proletariat, and in particular, a portion of the bourgeois ideologists, who have raised themselves to the level of comprehending theoretically the historical movement as a whole."

So you see the above process going on before our eyes, John Strachey, Corliss Lamont etc., etc., upper class people going "left", which should not surprise those who see their friends doing likewise.

Sierra Madre

Yours for success, H. L.

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